Oth. The handkerchiefe.
Def. In ſooth you are too blame.
Oth. Away. *Exit.*
Em. Is not this man iealous?
Def. I nere ſaw this before:
Sure ther's ſome wonder in this handkerchiefe,
I am moſt vnhappy in the loſſe of it.

Enter Iago *and* Caſſio.

Em. Tis not a yeare or two ſhewes vs a man,
They are all but ſtomacks, and we all but foode;
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch vs; looke you, *Caſsio* and my husband.
Iag. There is no other way, tis ſhe muſt doe it,
And loe the happineſſe, goe, and importune her.
Def. How now good *Caſsio*, whats the newes with you?
Caſ. Madam my former ſuite: I doe beſeech you,
That by your vertuous meanes I may againe
Exiſt, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour, I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of ſuch mortall kind,
That not my ſeruice paſt, nor preſent ſorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merrit in futurity,
Can ranſome me into his loue againe,
But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit,
So ſhall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And ſhut my ſelfe vp in ſome other courſe,
To fortunes almes.
Def. Alas thrice gentle *Caſsio*,
My aduocation is not now in tune;
My Lord is not my Lord, nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in fauour, as in humor altred:
So helpe me, euery ſpirit ſanctified,
As I haue ſpoken for you all my beſt,
And ſtood within the blanke of his diſpleaſure,
For my free ſpeech: you muſt a while be patient,
What I can doe I will, and more I will
Then for my ſelfe I dare, let that ſuffice you.

Iag. Is my Lord angry?
Em. He went hence but now,
And certainely in ſtrange vnquietneſſe.
Iag. Can he be angry? I haue ſeene the Cannon,
When it hath blowne his rankes into the ayre;
And (like the deuill) from his very armes,
Puft his owne brother, and can he be angry?
Something of moment then: I will goe meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Def. I prethee doe ſo: ſomething ſure of State,
Either from *Venice*, or ſome vnhatcht practice,
Made demonſtrable here in *Cipres* to him.
Hath pudled his cleere ſpirit, and in ſuch caſes,
Mens natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Tho great ones are the obiect,
Tis euen ſo; for let our finger ake,
And it endues our other healthfull members,
Euen to that ſenſe of paine; nay, we muſt thinke,
Men are not gods,
Nor of them looke for ſuch obſeruances
As fits the Bridall: beſhrew me much *Emilia*,
I was (vnhandſome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindneſſe with my ſoule;
But now I find, I had ſubborn'd the witneſſe,
And hee's indited falſly.
Em. Pray heauen it be State matters as you thinke,
And no conception, nor no iealous toy
Concerning you.
Def. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cauſe.
Em. But iealous ſoules will not be anſwered ſo,
They are not euer iealous for the cauſe,
But iealous for they are iealous: tis a monſter,
Begot vpon it ſelfe, borne on it ſelfe.
Def. Heauen keepe that monſter from *Othello's* mind.
Em. Lady, Amen.
Def I will goe ſeeke him, *Caſsio* walke here about,
If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your ſuite,
And ſeeke to effect it to my vttermoſt.

Exeunt Deſd. *and* Emillia.